

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DARLING.

Don't be angry with me darling,
Smile your brightest, sweetest smile,
Keep the joyous twinkle beaming,
In your bright eyes all the while!
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Drive each shadow from your brow,
Be again the heart's sweet treasure,
Don't be angry, darling, now.

CHORUS—Don't be angry with me, darling,
Drive away that look of pain;
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Smile your sweetest smile again.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Keep the tear back from your eye;
'Twas a friendly, timely warning,
Given for the days gone by.
Not for worlds would I distress you—
Cast one cloud upon your brow,
Let not then my words distress you,
Don't be angry, darling, now.

CHORUS—Don't be angry with me, darling,
Drive away that look of pain;
Let your laugh be one of pleasure,
Smile your sweetest smile again.

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